RECESSIONAL & VAMPIRE

KIPLING

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 01164578 5

H&SS
A
5566



Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by

MISS ELSIE POMEROY

Jones 1913

S. Carlton Jones.

Ala.

RECESSIONAL
AND OTHER POEMS.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/recessionalvampi00kipl



RUDYARD KIPLING

The Recessional
The Vampire
and
Other Poems

Rudyard Kipling

Barse & Hopkins
New York

LIBRARY
JUL 26 1966
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
1097589

RECESSIONAL AND OTHER POEMS.

RECESSIONAL.

A VICTORIAN ODE

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

THE VAMPIRE

AS SUGGESTED BY THE PAINTING
BY PHILIP BURNE-JONES

A FOOL there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it is'nt on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I!)

And it is n't the shame and it is n't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand.
It 's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.
"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound—
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,
While theyre hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
"Its Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, and they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

TOMMY

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:—

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;

An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints:
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind";
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face.
The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.
Yes, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

FUZZY-WUZZY

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave, an' some was not,
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im;
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Sua*kim*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed,
We'll come an' have a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:

But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis an' the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more;
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call
the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crum-
pled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' he's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree;
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-
class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you
broke a British square!

SCREW-GUNS

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, snif-
fin' the mornin' cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my
old brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a
beggar forgets
It's only the pick of the Army that handles the
dear little pets— 'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-
guns they all love you!
So when we call round with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—hoo!
hoo!
Just send in your Chief an' surrender—it's
worse if you fights or you runs:
You can go where you please, you can skid
up the trees, but you don't get away
from the guns.

They send us along where the roads are, but
mostly we goes where they ain't;
We'd climb up the side of a signboard, an'
trust to the stick o' the paint:

We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've
give the Afreedeeman fits,
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we
guns that are built in two bits—'Tss!
'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an'
teaches 'im 'ow to behave;
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an'
rattles 'im into 'is grave.
You've got to stand up to our business, an'
spring without snatchin' or fuss.
D' you say that you sweat with the field-guns?
By God, you must lather with us—'Tss!
'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's
a-moanin' below;
We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub,
we're out on the rocks an' the snow;
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what
carries away to the plains
The rattle an' stamp of the lead-mules, the jin-
glety-jink o' the chains—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as a beggar can spit:
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an' the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the old gun in 'er place—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,
I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule.
The monkey can say what our road was—the wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.
Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns they all love you!
So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course you will know what to do—hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse if you fights or you runs:
You may 'ide in the caves, they'll be only your graves, but you can't get away from the guns!

MANDALAY

BY the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller, an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen;
An' I seed 'er first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot.
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
What they called the Great Gawd Budd;

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed
'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

When the mist was on the rice-fields, an' the
sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-
lo-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek
agin' my cheek,
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis*
pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf
afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an'
fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the
Bank to Mandalay
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-
year soldier tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't
never 'eed naught else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine, an' the palm-trees, an' the
tinkly temple-bells,
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty
pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the
fever in my bones;
Though I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer
Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they
understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot *do* they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

Ship me somewheres East of Suez, where the
best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments,
an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there
that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at
the sea,—

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnin's when we
went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

TROOPIN'

(OUR ARMY IN THE EAST)

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea:
'Ere's September come again—the six-year men are free.
O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away
To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome!
Our ship is at the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary Ann;
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man!

The Malabar's in 'arbour, with the Jumner at 'er tail,
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.
Ho! the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay;
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in
cold an' wet an' rain,
All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not
complain.
They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their
little way;
But damn the chills and fever, men! we're
goin' 'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin',—winter's round again!
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old cam-
paign.
Ho, you poor recruities! but you've got to
earn your pay—
What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're
goin' there to-day.

Troopin', troopin',—give another cheer!
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of Eng-
lish beer;
The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've
got to stay,
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle! Whoop!
we're goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome!
Our ship is at the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary Ann;
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit,
As a time-expired man!

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our Father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mold;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled: "Is it Art?" in the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's striking, but is it Art?"
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side, and the idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of art, and each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and
the south, they talked and they fought
in the west,
Till the water rose on the jabbering land, and
the poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn
when the dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's
human, but is it Art?"

The tale is old as the Eden Tree—as new as
the new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows
he is master of art and truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to
the beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You
did it, but was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to
the shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in
the yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as
the horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old:
"It's clever, but is it Art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on
the club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch
with their pens in the mold—

They scratch with their pens in the mold of
their graves, and the ink and the
anguish start
When the Devil mutters behind the leaves:
"It's pretty, but is it Art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where
the four great rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as
she left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept,
and softly scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much
—as our Father Adam knew.

THE EXPLANATION.

LOVE and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw—alas!—
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved:
Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred:
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.
Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT.

NOW this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser decreed,
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the weak in their need
He sent a word to the people, who struggle, and pant, and sweat,
That the straw might be counted fairly and the tally of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled; from the East and the West they drew—
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagem, Clyde, and Crewe.
And some were black from the furnace, and some were brown from the soil,
And some were blue from the dye-vat; but all were wearied of toil.

And the young King said, "I have found it, the road to the rest ye seek;
The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak;
With the even tramp of an army where no man breaks from the line,
Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond of brotherhood—sign!"

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads
bowed thereby,
And a wail went up from the peoples: "Ay,
sign—give rest, for we die!"
A hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a
fist was cramped to scrawl,
When—the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran
clear through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing as each one
saw Her plain—
Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary
Jane.
And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the
light of the vision woke;
And the men drew back from the paper, as a
Yankee delegate spoke:

"There's a girl in Jersey City who works on
the telephone;
We're going to hitch our horses and dig for a
house of our own,
With gas and water connections, and steam-
heat through to the top;
And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work
till I drop."

And an English delegate thundered: "The
weak an' the lame be blowed!
I've a berth in the Sou'-West workshops, a
home in the Wandsworth Road;

And till the 'sociation has footed my buryin' bill,
I work for the kids an' the missus. Pull up! I'll be damned if I will!"

And over the German benches the bearded whisper ran:
"Lager, der girls und der dollars, dey makes or dey breaks a man.
If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girl deremit;
But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der girl from Schmitt."

They passed one resolution: "Your sub-committee believe
You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've lightened the curse of Eve.
But till we are built like angels—with hammer and chisel and pen,
We will work for ourself and a woman, forever and ever. Amen."

Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser held—
The day that they razored the Grindstone, the day that the Cat was belled,
The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the Twisted Sands,
The day that the laugh of a maiden made light of the Lords of Their Hands.

THE ENGLISH FLAG.

Above the portico a flagstaff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.—Daily Papers.

WINDS of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapor and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt?
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England: her Flag's to sell or share.
What is the flag of England? Winds of the World, declare!

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;

By the great North Lights above me I work
the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice-field or the
Dogger fills with cod.

"I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my
doors with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell
navies came;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them
down with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew
free ere the spirit passed.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long,
long Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts
the Northern Light:
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth,
for it is there!"

The South Wind sighed: "From The Virgins
my mid-sea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the
long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked
lagoon.

"Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in the breeze—
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

"I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang for a wisp on the Horn;
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and rolled and torn;
I have spread its folds o'er the dying, adrift in a hopeless sea;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

"My basking sun-fish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!"

The East Wind roared: "From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.

Look—look well to your shipping! By the
breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached
your best at Kowloon!

"The reeling junks behind me and the racing
seas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered
Singapore!
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded
snake she rose,
And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost
with the startled crows.

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl
wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died
for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or
maid—
Because on the bones of the English the Eng-
lish Flag is stayed.

"The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying
wild-ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the
taintless snows.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for
it is there!"

The West Wind called: "In squadrons the
thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred
people die.
They make my might their porter, they make
my house their path,
Till I loose my neck from their rudder and
whelm them all in my wrath.

"I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is
drawn from the hole;
They bellow one to the other, the frighted
ship-bells toll.
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the
shroud with my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and
the two go locked to death.

"But whether in calm or wrack-wreath,
whether by dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their
plates away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shriek-
ing sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag
goes by.

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the
frozen dews have kissed—
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in
the mist.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth,
for it is there!"

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

That night, when through the mooring chains
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,
To blunder down by Garden Reach
And rot at Kedgeree,
The tale the Hughli told the shoal
The lean shoal told to me.

'TWAS Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
Where sailor-men reside,
And there were men of all the ports
From Mississip to Clyde,
And regally they spat and smoked,
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple sea
That gave them scanty bread,
They lied about the Earth beneath,
The Heavens overhead,
For they had looked too often on
Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,
Of shame and lust and fraud,
They backed their toughest statements with
The Brimstone of the Lord.
And crackling oaths went to and fro
Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
  Bull-throated, bare of arm,
Who carried on his hairy chest
  The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
  That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears
  And Pamba the Malay,
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,
  And Luz from Vigo Bay,
And Honest Jack who sold them slops
  And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,
  A lean Bostonian he—
Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,
  Yank, Dane, and Portugee,
At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
  They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,
  Collinga knew her fame,
From Tarnau in Galicia
  To Jaun Bazar she came,
To eat the bread of infamy
  And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel—
  Rich spoil of war was hers,
In hose and gown and ring and chain,
  From twenty mariners,
And, by Port Law, that week, men called
  Her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learnt—what landsmen know—
  That neither gifts nor gain
Can hold a winking Light o' Love
  Or Fancy's flight restrain,
When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes
  On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,
  From Howrah to the bay,
And he may die before the dawn
  Who liquored out the day,
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
  We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
  Bull-throated, bare of arm,
And laughter shook the chest beneath
  The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
  That keeps a man from harm.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker,
  You was his girl, I know.
I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,
  Und round the Skaw we go,
South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,
  To Besser in Saro."

When love rejected turns to hate,
  All ill betide the man.
"You speak to Salem Hardieker,"—
  She spoke as woman can.
A scream—a sob—"He called me—names!"
  And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,
  A shriek upon the stairs,
A dance of shadows on the wall,
  A knife-thrust unawares—
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
  Across the broken chairs.

. . . . . .

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands
  The weary head fell low:—
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight
  For Besser in Saro:
Und there Ultruda comes to me
  At Easter, und I go

"South, down the Cattegat— What's here?
  There—are—no—lights—to—guide!"
The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,
  And Anne of Austria cried
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
  When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
  Bull-throated, bare of arm,
But Anne of Austria looted first
  The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
  That keeps a man from harm.

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD.

THERE'S a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.

A Snider squibbed in the jungle,
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Jemadar Hira Lal,
Took command of the party,
Twenty rifles in all,
Marched them down to the river
As the day was beginning to fall.

They buried the boy by the river,
A blanket over his face—
They wept for their dead Lieutenant,
The men of an alien race—
They made a *samadh* in his honor,
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,
They swore by the salt they ate,
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib
Should go to his God in state;
With fifty file of Burman
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris
Marched till the break of day
Till they came to the rebel village,
The village of Pabengmay—
A *jingal* covered the clearing,
Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Bidding them load with ball,
Halted a dozen rifles
Under the village wall;
Sent out a flanking-party
With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris
Shouted and smote and slew,
Turning the grinning *jingal*
On to the howling crew.
The Jemadar's flanking-party
Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,
Long was the list of slain,
Five score heads were taken,
Five score heads and twain;
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back to their grave again.

Each man bearing a basket
Red as his palms that day,
Red as the blazing village—
The village of Pabengmay.
And the "drip-drip-drip" from the baskets
Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies
High as a tall man's chin,
Head upon head distorted,
Set in a sightless grin,
Anger and pain and terror
Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri
Put the head of the Boh
On the top of the mound of triumph,
The head of his son below,
With the sword and the peacock-banner
That the world might behold and know.

Thus the *samadh* was perfect,
Thus was the lesson plain
Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—
The price of a white man slain;
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,
A hush fell over the shore,
And Bohs that were brave departed,
And Sniders squibbed no more;
For the Burmans said
That a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads five score.

There's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat:
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai,
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell, and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown
dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the
mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged
his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars,
as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the
right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho'
never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the
sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the
mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful
heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—
small room was there to strive,
" 'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye
rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there
was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his
rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held
it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast, were feast-
ing all in a row:

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I
have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were
gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good
to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats
before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to
carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more
than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing
crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires
when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy
brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl,
dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in
steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight
my own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set
him upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when
wolf and gray wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed
or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to
jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold
by the blood of my clan:
Take up the mare of my father's gift—by God,
she has carried a man!"
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and
nuzzled against his breast,
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then,
"but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my tur-
quoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and sil-
ver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it
muzzle-end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he;
"will ye take the mate from a friend?"
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a
limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my
son to him!"
With that he whistled his only son, that
dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he
looked like a lance in rest.
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who
leads a troop of the Guides.
And thou must ride at his left side as shield
on shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and
board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him
with thy head.

So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged at Peshawur."
They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat:

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they
come from the ends of the earth!

OTHER BOOKS IN THIS SERIES

As a Man Thinketh, Allen
Aucassin and Nicolette, Lang
Ballad of Reading Gaol, Wilde
Book of Ruth
Child's Garden of Verses, Stevenson
Christmas Carol, Dickens
Christmas Eve, Browning
Compensation, Emerson
Culture, Emerson
Deserted Village, Goldsmith
Friendship, Thoreau
Friendship and Love, Emerson
Golden Poems, Poe
Elegy in a Country Church Yard, Gray
Greatest Thing in the World, Drummond
Great Stone Face, Hawthorne
In a Balcony, Browning
J. Cole, Gellibrand
Jessica's First Prayer, Stretton
Laddie, Whitaker
Man Without a Country, Hale
Miss Toosey's Mission, Whitaker
My Winter Garden, Kingsley
Old Christmas, Irving
Pippa Passes, Browning
Poor Richard's Almanac, Franklin
Rab and His Friends, Brown
Raven, The, Poe
Recessional and Vampire, Kipling
Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, Coleridge
Rip Van Winkle, Irving
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
Snowbound, Whittier
Sonnets from the Portuguese, Browning
Vision of Sir Launfal, Lowell

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

H&SS
A
5566


UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 10 07 03 07 009 7